

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, EDITOR.



Then up with that flag! let it stream on the air! Though our fathers are cold by their graves, they had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare, and their eyes were not born to be slaves.

Up! up! with that banner! where'er it may call, our millions shall rally around it, a nation of freemen that moment shall fall, when its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

RAVENNA, OHIO:  
Saturday, November 9, 1861.

TO THE PUBLIC.

With the present issue, the undersigned resumes the publication of the PORTAGE SENTINEL, which he suspended three months ago, and having received a quantity of new material, he will endeavor, by strict attention to his duties, to publish such a paper as will secure to him the good wishes and patronage of the people of Portage county.

The course of the paper, in its general features, will remain unchanged. It will, as heretofore, always be found fighting for the integrity of the Union, the maintenance of the Constitution, and the rigid enforcement of the laws; and will strenuously oppose the doctrines of extremists, whenever and wherever they may be uttered, with an unflinching hand. It will support the Government at all times, no matter who administers it, and will give to the present National Administration its hearty support in such Constitutional measures as may be proposed or adopted to quell the rebellion now existing in the Southern States.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE.

Gen. McClellan's War Policy.

At a recent dinner given by General McClellan, he is said to have remarked to a guest, that there was no power on earth, neither that of the press or politicians, that should cause him to swerve a hair's breadth from the policy which he had adopted in relation to the present war. Availing himself of all the military wisdom that is in the possession of the officers around him, together with his own mature experience, he has, to the best of his own ability, adopted a plan of warfare to which he intends to adhere most rigidly. Knowing as he does, that the fate of the nation is in his hands, and that a single blunder might forever estrange him from the support and confidence of the people, he has resolved to propose and dispose of all the military power now at his command, and to venture a blow only at the time when in his own mind he is convinced that the exigencies of the occasion demand that it should be struck.

Rebel Presidential Election.

On Thursday last the election for President and Vice-President and also for members of Congress took place in the rebel States. We believe there are no candidates for the two first offices save the present incumbents, Davis and Stephens. The electors will meet on the first Wednesday of December in Richmond, and there go through the ceremony of counting the vote cast by the several States. The Presidential inauguration is fixed for the 22d of February, the birthday of Washington. The constitution of the "Confederacy" provides that the President shall be elected for six years; but, inasmuch as Davis is in the field at the head of his army, we may conclude that he will, ere six years roll round, be firmly fixed as permanent head of a military despotism, provided he lives, and our Government fails to crush him.

We suspect that "President Davis" reign will be of short duration. General McClellan does not think that the war is likely to last very long, and having given expression to that impression, we conclude that he has measured the means by which he intends to bring it to a speedy and successful termination. In that event President Davis and his rebel government will be speedily scattered; himself, a dethroned usurper, will be a refugee from justice, roaming about for somewhere to lay his head in safety, as the humbled Hotspur, who, to save his neck, becomes a penitent sinner—lays down his arms and sues for mercy. Should such a condition of things come around, what a deplorable being Davis would become! The baffled traitor, like Aaron Burr, would become a burden to himself, and, like him, drag out a lingering existence, until remorse had done its work and prepared him for the grave.

How Gen. McClellan Looks.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, describing a recent review, says: "Little Mac came cantering up, followed by his staff and his escort. He rode his powerful chestnut charger, with a common dragon bridle, a plain yellow breast-plate, and an unadorned cavalry saddle, with a blue saddle-blanket, but no saddle-cloth or housing. His uniform coat was that of a Major General, entirely destitute of flap-saddle embroidery with the plain shoulder-strap designating his rank, neither was there even cord or welt on the blue trousers tucked into his high boots. Thus far, he was the unassuming McClellan of old days; but as he wheeled his horse around and faced the troops, I could but notice the changed expression of his countenance since he has been charged with the defense of this metropolis, and he had to recognize a stout, elderly-looking man. Care has plowed his furrows into the ruddy features, and the gold-studded smile of old has been replaced by a firm contraction of his lips, while his bright blue eyes gleam with determined fire."

John C. Breckinridge—A Bad Example.

The treason of this man has at last taken form, and shape and direction. He has for months past been the bold and unflinching apologist of the Rebellion, and only awaited opportunity to consummate his treason. Throwing himself into the arms of his Southern confederates, he will share their fate and infamy, and forfeit forever the high opinion entertained of his character and patriotism by hosts of too partial friends and admirers. Possessing, as all concede he does, great and commanding talents, a dignified and seductive address, and all the essentials of successful statesmanship, no man in the country of his years had enjoyed a larger degree of public favor or had before him a more brilliant and promising future. In the broad and plain path of public duty in a crisis like this, there was before Mr. Breckinridge a rich harvest of honor and usefulness. Owing all he was as a citizen and statesman to the liberal and fostering genius of the Government, it was parolical ingratitude in him to league himself with his enemies in their attempts to strike it down. Above all others, he should have clung to it and battled for it.

Mr. Breckinridge's treason to his country, has but recently culminated, but his treason to the Democratic party had a much older date. It began in his abandonment of the well understood and clearly defined doctrines of the party on the vexed and vexatious subject of slavery, and reached its climax when he accepted a Presidential nomination from a handful of disappointed and desperate political adventurers, who, it is now palpably evident, were as intent on the disintegration of the country as upon the disorganization and defeat of the Democratic party. Had he adhered inflexibly to the Democratic faith and organization, the success of Mr. Douglas would have been placed beyond peradventure, and the troubles now upon the country might have been wholly averted. Truly a terrible responsibility rests upon Mr. Breckinridge for his treachery to his party and for his complicity in intrigues which were intended to destroy it. His offences were grave enough, and hard enough to be forgiven and forgotten without superadding treason to the Government that made and nourished him. This last folly and crime overshadowed all his other sins, and terminates a career which otherwise might have made his name and reputation a rich legacy to his family and countrymen.

We regret to see, on the part of some of our Republican contemporaries, a disposition to hold Mr. Breckinridge's friends and supporters at the North responsible for his treason. This is most unjust, ungenerous and unfair. The Democrats at the North who cast their votes for him were honest, but misguided men, who never harbored a suspicion of his loyalty, and who are now, almost to a man, lending their cordial and efficient cooperation to the Administration in its efforts to maintain the authority of the laws. Every pulsation of the Democratic heart is for the Union, and every effort will be put forth by the Democratic masses to consolidate and perpetuate it.

Partisan Impertinence.

We see it stated that a member of Congress the other day, in Washington, on being introduced to Gen. McClellan, after being politely invited by that officer to remain and witness a military review, replied very pompously, "Sir, I came here to see work and not child's play." Although this bit of partisan impertinence did not stop the review, still it exemplifies the opinion which these dignitaries entertain of themselves. This pompous person went to Washington for the purpose of seeing an engagement, and he had no idea of being satisfied with a mere military parade. He is one of the sort of men who insisted upon the advance on Manassas, and who are now endeavoring to drag the Administration into another engagement in the same direction. Is there no way of relieving our officers of the torments of these pompous asses and popinjays—persons like Senators Wilson and Trumble, who, had it not been for "those vile guns," would themselves have joined the army?

These important personages are so lost in the contemplation of their own magnificence, that they have no time to consider what fools they make of themselves. The idea of a member of Congress, who has probably been spending the summer and fall in trading horses or rafting lumber, or engaged in dodging about for a contract for the army, running down to Washington to instruct Gen. McClellan and the Administration in a matter to which they have been devoting their entire attention, shows that discipline in the army is not yet stringent enough. Every one of these swelling persons should be arrested and our Administration and officers relieved of their impertinent interference.

Army Contracts—Purchase of Horses.

There is no doubt that great frauds are perpetrated on the Government, in every department of supply, as well at the East, in and about Washington, as in Missouri. Indeed, it is surmised that this great city about Missouri contracts has been raised to cover up much more gross frauds elsewhere. With regard to the purchase of horses, the Springfield (Ill.) Register says: "We have heard that Colonel Barrett's Frontier Cavalry is to be supplied with broken down hacks from the East. What object, other than to give some favorite a job, can there be in sending horses from the East to Illinois, for the use of her volunteers? Better horses and cheaper, by twenty per cent, can be had here, and the transportation saved besides. Why not let the volunteer cavalry furnish their own horses, as has been done hitherto in this State, to be appraised by a Government agent. This plan is something but downright robbery at the bottom of this horse performance. The call upon Pennsylvania, just now, is for men. Illinois can certainly, without her horses."

Position and Strength of the Confederate Forces.

A writer in the New York Herald, who may be, for ought we know to the contrary, a "reliable gentleman," thus states the strength and position of the Confederate forces:

Department of the Potomac,	150,000
Department of Chesapeake and rest of Virginia,	90,000
Department of Kentucky and Tenn.,	117,000
Department of Missouri,	60,000
On the line of the Mississippi,	38,000
At Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and Galveston,	40,000
Total,	496,000
The above 496,000, in the Department of the Potomac, under Gen. Johnston, whose headquarters are at Manassas, are said to be distributed as follows:	
Centre—At Manassas, Bull Run and Centerville,	50,000
Left Wing—Major Gen. Gustavus Smith, headquarters Aldie, near Leesburg, under Brig. Gen. Evans,	20,000
On the right bank of Goose creek, headquarters Leesburg, under Brig. Gen. Beauregard,	30,000
On the line of the Occoquan, headquarters Leesburg, under Brig. Gen. Johnston,	25,000
For support of Potomac river batteries,	25,000
Total under Gen. Johnston,	150,000
Department of the Chesapeake, Norfolk and Portsmouth, under Gen. Huger,	
Yorktown, under Gen. Magruder,	15,000
For support of batteries on James, York, and Rappahannock rivers,	10,000
Richmond,	15,000
Other points in Virginia,	5,000
Department of Western Virginia, under Gen. Lee and Floyd,	
Near Winchester, Strasburg and Charlestown,	10,000
Total in the State of Virginia,	240,000
The amount of small arms is said to be 898,000, which were obtained as follows:	
Sent to the South by Floyd while Secretary of War,	578,000
Seized in Southern Armies,	100,000
Made in stolen arsenals,	20,000
Shipped from Europe,	200,000
Total,	898,000

Speaking of the arms in possession of the Confederates, the writer remarks:

It is a well known fact that ever since the rebellion broke out the rebel States have had in England, in France and in Germany, the most active agents, who have been profusely supplied with money. These persons have made no secret of their business in those countries, but have bought up large quantities of Enfield rifles and of other muskets of the most approved construction, together with Armstrong guns and rifled cannon of the latest improved kind. So open have they been in their transactions that the agents of the Federal Government employed in the same business have frequently encountered these southern agents, and found that the arms which they intended to buy had already been secured for the South. And they loaded their vessels with them in the English ports with such publicity that the circumstance was a matter of public notoriety. Mr. Adams, our Minister at London, called the attention of the English government to the fact. But he contented himself with doing this, and did not, as he might, continue to press the subject until it was either acknowledged or disavowed by the British government. The vessels accordingly were loaded, and sailed one after the other, until up to this time we have accounts of no less than seven vessels loaded with arms for the South that have sailed from English ports alone, to say nothing of those that have cleared from Lyons and Bremen. Some of them were landed at New Orleans, some at Mobile and some at Savannah. The facts of the landing of these arms are unquestioned and beyond dispute. The number of muskets so received has never been ascertained. As ten or twelve vessel loads have arrived, however, the number cannot be less than 200,000.

In the above enumeration of arms nothing has been said of cannon. Every action that has been fought up to this time shows that the rebels are profusely supplied with this arm. Besides the 2,500 pieces of artillery which fell into their hands at Norfolk, they have several foundries for casting cannon, which have been in operation for six months past. They have also several manufactories of gunpowder and percussion caps.

The Case for Gen. Fremont.

The report of Adjutant General Thomas, who recently accompanied Secretary Cameron on his tour throughout the West, has been published. It goes far to confirm nearly all the charges of extravagance, mismanagement, incompetence, and neglect of duty which have been made against Gen. Fremont, and presents a very strong array of facts to prove that he has been guilty of many irregularities; that he failed to adopt the proper measures to reinforce Lyon and Mulligan, or to capture Price; that his expenses have been enormous, and that he is totally unfit for his present command. The judgment which a consideration of all the facts involved has produced, is briefly expressed in the following paragraphs: "General Hunter expressed to the Secretary of War his decided opinion that Gen. Fremont was incompetent, and unfit for his extensive and important command. This opinion he gave reluctantly, for the reason that he held the position of second in command."

"The opinion entertained by gentlemen of position and intelligence, who have approached and observed him, is that he is more fond of the pomp than of the realities of war—that his mind is incapable of fixed attention or strong concentration—that by his mismanagement of affairs since his arrival in Missouri, the State has almost been lost—and that if he is continued in command, the worst results may be anticipated. This is the concurrent testimony of a large number of the most intelligent men in Missouri."

Father Kemp who engineered the "Old Folks Conference" throughout the country so successfully, is in the boot and shoe business in Boston.

Resignation of General Scott.

Our readers read the correspondence between the President and Gen. Scott upon the occasion of the latter's resignation as Lieutenant General of the United States. After the receipt of the resignation by the President, he and his entire Cabinet called upon the General to bid him a final adieu. His aids and others left the room where the interview was to take place, but what did take place is known only to those who participated in the scene; then President was the first to emerge from the apartment, his cheeks suffused with tears. The occasion was a solemn one; the voluntary resignation of the highest military trust in the Republic, caused by the infirmities of declining years. On Saturday the war worn veteran left Washington for his home in New York, there in the bosom of his family, to spend the remainder of his days. He is worn out in the service of his country, and after half a century's labor, the hero of Lundy's Lane and the conqueror of Mexico, resigns his office for the sweets of privacy; having lived down detraction, his few remaining days will be free from the darts of malicious censure. The people of New York—the millions of the Empire State, will receive the infirm old patriot with united affection.

"It is with deep regret that I withdraw myself, in these momentous times, from the orders of a President who has treated me with distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivaled activity and perseverance, and to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands, and have the honor to remain, sir, with high regards, your obedient servant."

WINFIELD SCOTT.

A special Cabinet Council was convened on Friday morning at 9 o'clock, to take the subject into consideration. It was decided that Gen. Scott's request, under the circumstances of his advanced age and infirmities, could not be declined. Gen. McClellan was therefore, with the unanimous agreement of the Cabinet, notified that the command of the Army would devolve upon him. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Cabinet again waited on the President and attended him to the residence of Gen. Scott. On being seated, the President read the following order:

"On the 1st day of November, 1861, upon his application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed and hereby is placed upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States without reduction in his current pay, subsistence or allowances."

"The American people will hear with sadness and deep emotion, that Gen. Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the President and the unanimous Cabinet express their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union and the flag, when assailed by a paralytic rebellion."

We trust that the old man may live to see this paralytic rebellion crushed, and when his eyes shall close for the last time it will be upon our Union reunited, "one and inseparable."

Gen. McClellan has now entire command of our forces and if left to pursue the convictions of his own judgment, there is little doubt but that he will be eminently successful. The President and Cabinet appear to have every confidence in his ability and they are unquestionably able, by this time, to measure not only his resources, but the magnitude of the great work which they have entrusted to him. The pliancy and unanimity of the Administration in selecting Gen. McClellan to be the veteran Scott's successor, shows how mischievous and absurd were the thousand rumors and statements from Washington, indicating a desire upon their part to supplant him. He has now the undivided authority and the greatest incentive to successful exertion ever possessed by any soldier of his years. He has attained without labor and at a single bound, what his predecessor spent forty years to achieve. We hope that he may prove himself worthy of the tremendous trust and not become dizzy by the eminence he has attained.

The Washington Correspondent of Forney's Press of the 31st Oct., speaking of the report of Gen. Thomas on Gen. Fremont, says:

The unfortunate difference in Major General Fremont's military district has been brought to a head by the printing of the report of Adjutant General Thomas in the New York Tribune of Wednesday. [The mere personal dispute which has grown out of its exclusive publication, is a matter for newspaper men to settle among themselves.] General Thomas is one of the fairest and most impartial officers in the army. His feelings are strongly enlisted in the cause, and he certainly did not accompany General Cameron to St. Louis with any purpose of doing injustice to General Fremont, or of becoming the partisan of Colonel Frank Blair. General Cameron himself only went to St. Louis in order personally to ascertain the truth of the charges against the commanding officer in that quarter. He has, as I know, warmly sympathized with the President in his desire to give General Fremont not only an opportunity to distinguish himself, but all the advantage resulting from former political associations. No other man could have been more fairly treated by any administration than Fremont. He has been tolerated in extraordinary expenditures, and allowed every manner of defense on the part of his special friends.

With all my regard for Frank Blair, I have not felt disposed to become a partisan in his dispute with his former friend, and it was only when the proofs submitted by Blair became overwhelming, that I saw the necessity for prompt and immediate action in reference to General Fremont. The report of Gen. Thomas, however, is publication may be regarded as this time, impress an imperative duty upon the President and all true friends of the cause, will admit the inevitable necessity of superseding Fremont. Even those who have been his most earnest friends cannot resist the facts of this report. The President will, undoubtedly, be sustained when he takes the expected action upon this question. The Republicans of the North—upon whom the particular supporters of Fremont rely—will never allow their admiration of the politician or statesman, nor permit their sympathy with his anti-slavery proclamation, to drive them into what may be construed as an endorsement of acts which have met the stern disapproval of every commission that has gone forward to examine into them; and the sitting making, in some quarters, to antagonize the Administration, because of the course it has been compelled to take in reference to this case, will prove a melancholy failure. If John Charles Fremont is an earnest and self-sacrificing advocate of the war, he will anticipate the decree of the President, and gracefully retire.

Resignation of General Scott—General McClellan Head of the Army.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The following letter from Lieut. Gen. Scott was received by the President on Thursday afternoon:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, Washington, D. C., Oct. 31, 1861.

The Hon. S. Cameron, Secretary of War:

Sir:—For more than three years I have been unable to mount a horse or walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, diminish me that a repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual term of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so late prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers on active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right guaranteed by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say that it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself in these momentous times from the orders of a President who has treated me with distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivaled activity and perseverance, and to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands, and have the honor to remain, sir, with high regards, your obedient servant."

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1, 1861.

General:—It is my duty to lay before the President your letter of yesterday, asking to be relieved, under the recent act of Congress. In separating from you I cannot refrain expressing my deep regret that your health, shattered by your long service and repeated wounds received in your country's defence, should render it necessary for you to retire from your high position, and honor. Such has been the career and character of Winfield Scott, whom it has long been the delight of the nation to honor, both as a man and a soldier. While we regret his loss, there is one thing we cannot regret—the bright example he has left for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be cheered by the success of the country and the cause he has fought for so bravely. Beyond all that, let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us; let no defeat of the army he has so long commanded embitter his last years, but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

(Signed) GEORGE B. MCLELLAN, Major-General Commanding U. S. A.

Who is the Deserter and Traitor?

The Fort Monroe correspondent of the New York Tribune, in speaking of the Naval Expedition, says:

I perceive that a good deal is said in the papers concerning the alleged desertion from the fleet before the sailing of the expedition. In a former letter I gave what is believed to be the true version of the case; namely that an officer on board of a frigate deserted with the signal code, but with nothing else besides what a shrewd observer might infer from an inside view of movements; and that the deserter was recently appointed and is a relative of a member of the Cabinet. In addition to this, I have since learned that the deserter made a proposition to desert to a second person, who communicated the fact to Gen. Wool, who immediately conveyed the information to the Flag Officer, but who thought best to "wait and see." While he was doing so, the fellow made up, leaving Commissioner Taylor, minus a boat. Where he went is left to inference entirely, but probably the rebel side of the matter. The deserter gave out a good many rumors, but I think this statement embodies the material facts.

—The Pennsylvania papers claim that state has furnished at least 13,000 more troops for the war, than any other state. Bullly for the Old Keystone.

Another Martyr to Liberty.

The death of Edward D. Baker, is a national calamity. He was the soldier-orator of this great war. Profoundly attached to his adopted country, he sought every occasion to exhibit his gratitude to it. He offered his sword and his life to a Democratic Administration, during our conflict with Mexico, and in the present struggle was one of the first to offer the same sword, and the same life, to a Republican Administration. "Occasional" this morning refers at length to his qualities as a statesman; and now, while every loyal heart throbs at the portals of his tomb, Pennsylvania claims the privilege of being the chief mourner.

Edward D. Baker was, in fact, a Pennsylvania man. It was in Philadelphia that he spent his early years. It was in the neighboring county of Delaware that he educated himself; and when he called soldiers to his standard, he looked first and always to our great State. His own favorite regiment was composed of our young men, and the other regiments of his brigade were nearly all Pennsylvanians. Thus, while he represented Illinois in the popular branch of Congress, and at the time of his death was a Senator from the new State of Oregon, he was called more a citizen of California than of Oregon—he never forgot our good old State; and when he fell, Pennsylvania fell with him. The bloody list, when published, will attest how bravely he was supported; and the grief that has descended like a pall upon thousands of heart-stricken people, whose tidings of his death have been received, will be intensified at many a Philadelphia and Pennsylvania freeds by double blow that has stricken down alike the leader and the follower—the colonel and the private soldier.

A strange and melancholy comparison may be drawn between the character of David C. Broderick and the character of Edward D. Baker; and we cannot better illustrate this thought than by reprinting the following paragraphs from Baker's magnificent eulogy pronounced over the dead body of his friend at San Francisco, on the 18th of September, 1859. His delineation of Broderick may be used as a picture of himself:

A Senator lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and, to whom his toils and cares were given, as about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheeded; it is not fit that such a life should stand unnoticed to its close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be surrounded by no public lamentation. We are here of every station and every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the funeral tribute which the majesty of the day offers to the unrepenting dead. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling grief compels the tear in eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who have shared the triumph, and endured the defeat. Near him are the gravest and noblest of the State, possessed by a great and noble mind, and a pure heart; while beyond, the masses of the people that he loved, and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder-cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

And now, as the shadows turn towards the east, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting-place, let us not cease to revere the generous pride which prompted the silent resolve of noble deeds and virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began his career without a family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous, and brave. He felt, in all the great crises of his life, that he was a leader in the ranks and for the rights of masses of men, and he could not flatter. When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the Archangel of death was casting his shadows upon the brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted himself. "Baker," said he—and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he spoke.

But, fellow-citizens, the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and, as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now shall speak for California? Who be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific coast? Who can appeal to the communities of the Atlantic to leave free labor? Who can speak for masses of men who have a passionate love for the class from whence he sprung? Who can defy the blandishments of power, the insolence of office, the corruptions of Administration? What hopes are buried with him in the grave!

A voice that gallant spirit shall resume, Leap from the silent bank, and call us from the tomb!

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life, no other cause of death, no such ruing its usual blast upon the ear of freedom, as in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell! Like Broderick, Baker sprung from comparative obscurity. Like that great Senator, he was chosen to the highest branch of the National Legislature for a term of years of extraordinary interest. Broderick never forgot the people who honored him. Baker was at all times their firmest advocate and friend. The one opposed slavery because it demoralized and destroyed the democratic party—the other antagonized it because it is the source of all our present woes. Broderick was the champion of the great cause in which Baker fell; and if the truth be told, the same malice that incited the one in the prime of manhood, selected the other as its choicest victim. They were both unselfish and both ambitious men. Regardless alike of the altitudes and emoluments of place, they labored for the highest positions, less for their own sake than for the sake of the country, and were emulous of distinction only as it enabled them to sustain great and enduring principles.

But here we must close the comparison. Broderick died without a living relative. To use the expressive language of his almost inspired eulogist—"He died the last of his race; there was no kinder hand to smooth his couch, no wife to wipe the death-damp from his brow." Baker leaves behind him a family, a widow and children. Let it be the first duty of the Republic to cherish them as a part of the legacy he has left—Philadelphia Press.

The 18th Ohio Regiment, Col. Stanley's, abounds in the preaching as well the fighting element. It has four clergymen of the Ohio Methodist Conference, two local preachers of the same Church, one Captain of the Discipline, and one preacher of the United Presbyterian. The Sunday services recently were opened by a Captain, a Lieutenant preached, a Sergeant Major prayed, and Col. Stanley exhorted.